

# THE S-L-A-Y-E-D TREATMENT!

PROG 436  
21 SEP 85

IN ORBIT  
EVERY  
MONDAY

**2000 AD**  
FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

\$1.45 Malaysia  
65c Australia  
65c New Zealand  
85c Mercury  
210p Venus  
85p Mars  
19p Asteroid Belt  
18p Saturn  
18p Neptune  
2p Pluto

**24p**  
EARTH  
MONEY

MY FRIENDS  
CALL ME SAM!





# NERVE CENTRE

## BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

As soon as this perfect prog came off the presses, I, Tharg the Mighty, sat down, flicked through it, and thought to myself: "Quaequam Blag! This is truly ghafflebette!" And what's more, Terrans, I was right - it's crammed full of thrill-power! Story after zarjaz story... a scroting laser scan of *Judge Dredd*... plus a sneak preview of the most deranged droid ever to join my Command Module team. In fact, when I saw how thrill-powered this prog was, I realised I was right to release a series of classic adventures from the 2000 AD memory banks every month - starting as of now! You'll find more data about that, and other circuit-shattering publications, at the back of the prog... if you get that far without blowing a fuse!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

# THARG

COUNT THARGULA

Drawn by Earthlet Kathy Lewis, Ealing.  
£10 Winner.



## ART ROBOT GIBSON STRIKES BACK!

Drawn by Earthlet David Watkins, Blackpool. £10 Winner.



## LEGAL LINE UP

Dear Tharg,

I have recently started reading your zarjaz mag, and I've bought many back progs from a friend. After reading them I thought it would be interesting, not only for me but for many other readers, too, if you showed pictures of *Judge Dredd* all in a row, as depicted by all the different artists who've drawn him. Can this be done? If so, please could you do it? From Earthlet Adrian Cox, Bury. £5 Winner. I already have! Just such a feature appeared in my *Judge Dredd Annual 1981* - not to be confused with my *Judge Dredd Annual 1986*, which by an amazing coincidence happens to be on sale now.

## BEST VERSE

Dear Mighty One,

I would be more than thrilled if you would publish my poem in the Nerve Centre. The poem is an acrostic, that is, it spells out the name of its subject in the first letter of each line.....

Juves and crocks obey his word -  
Uttered loud - it will be heard  
Drawing perps' pathetic pleas,  
Granting law and bringing peace.  
Every alley, every street  
Draws his gaze, his mighty feet  
Repeat the sound of justice down  
Every place of ill renown.  
Dread to those who laws ignore -  
Dredd to us - HE IS THE LAW!  
From talented Terran David Birkett, Wootton. £5 Winner.

This is probably the best acrostic poem about *Judge Dredd* that I have ever seen. Congratulations.

## DREDD KENNEDYS

Dear Tharg,

Please tell me if Ian Kennedy, who drew the *Judge Dredd* story in Prog 423, is any relation

to the art droid on *The Midnight Surfer*, Cam Kennedy.

From Earthlet Alexander Hall, Yenston, Somerset. £5 Winner.

They're not actually oil-relatives, but all of my robots are brothers under the synthi-flesh.

## ADVERTISEMENT

### DREDD and RAT in FULL COLOUR



*Judge Dredd* (monthly) and *Stainless Steel Rat* (5 issue monthly series). Now available in Britain! All the stories have previously appeared in 2000 A.D., but have been resized and coloured. Take advantage of our great money-saving subscription offers.

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LONDON WC2H 8NA

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Fire customers please send International Banker's Draft or add £2 for bank handling charges. For our catalogue of *Judge Dredd* and 2000 A.D. products, send a large (9x6") stamped, self-addressed envelope plus 25p in stamps to the above address (free with orders.)

## VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... 436



# NEMESIS

## THE WARLOCK

BOOK FIVE

2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT ROBOT  
PAT MILLS  
ART ROBOT  
BRYAN TALBOT  
LETTERING ROBOT  
STEVE POTTER  
COMPU-73e

WHILE NEMESIS WAS MARRYING MAGNA, TORQUEMADA WAS RETURNING FROM THE DEAD ... PLUCKED FROM AN EARLIER TIME ZONE BY NEMESIS'S SON, THOTH, WHO WAS EAGER TO AVENGE HIS MOTHER'S DEATH.

SOME DAYS LATER...

AFTER HEARING THE EVIDENCE, WE ARE SATISFIED YOU ARE THE TRUE TORQUEMADA!

GOOD! NOW THIS IS MY PLAN... ALL MY ANTI-ALIEN LAWS ARE TO BE ENFORCED: ALL THOSE BEFRIENDING ALIENS ARE TO BE SHOT ON THE SPOT!

ALL TERMINATORS ARE TO PREPARE FOR A NEW CRUSADE AGAINST THE REST OF THE GALAXY!

YOU DIDN'T LET ME FINISH, TORQUEMADA. OFFICIALLY, YOU ARE DEAD. YOUR RETURN WOULD UNSETTLE THE PEOPLE. THESE DAYS, WE HAVE A MORE... LAID BACK ATTITUDE TO ALIENS.

THE PEOPLE NO LONGER FEAR THEM.

AND YOUR RETURN COULD DESTROY IT. I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO DIE ALL OVER AGAIN!

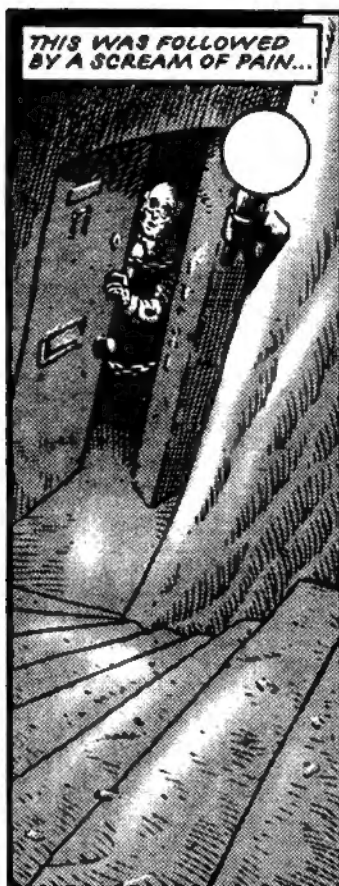
LAID BACK?

BUT THEY NEED SOMEONE TO FEAR. FEAR IS GOOD FOR THEM! I BUILT AN EMPIRE ON FEAR!

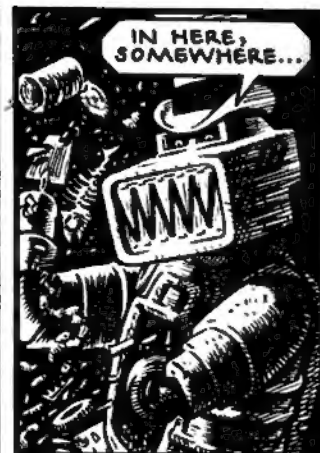
YOU STINKING ALIEN-LOVER! YOU'RE BETRAYING THE HUMAN RACE!











REPORTS OF STRANGE TIME WARPS EMANATING FROM THE APARTMENT OF SIR HARGAN... A TERMINATOR INVOLVED IN THE MURDER OF YOUR WIFE AND SON!



BUT ONLY A WARLOCK COULD CAUSE THIS KIND OF TEMPORAL DISTORTION!

MAYBE MY SON WAS TAKEN THERE. MAYBE THOTH'S STILL ALIVE!



THE FOOLS! THEY SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM!

FOR A MOMENT, MAGNA DROPS HER PSYCHIC GUARD... AND NEMESIS SEES INTO HER MIND...



YOU DID IT! YOU BETRAYED MY WIFE TO THE TERMINATORS!

MURDERESS!

CHIRA WAS OLD. SHE WAS NO GOOD FOR YOU. I DID IT FOR OUR FUTURE TOGETHER, NEMESIS!



YOU HAVE NO FUTURE!



BUT I LOVE YOOOOOOHHHH!

I KNEW THEIR MARRIAGE WOULDN'T LAST!

SORRY TO HAVE SPOILT YOUR WEDDING, NEMESIS.



OH, NO, I'M DELIGHTED, PURITY! IT MEANS I STILL HAVE A SON! I MUST GO TO TERMIGHT AND FIND HIM!



MEANWHILE, THE  
TENANT DOWNSTAIRS  
WAS ABOUT TO MEET  
THOTH...

AND HIS PET... A  
BLACK TYRANNOSAUR  
CALLED SATANUS!  
LORD OF THE CURSED  
EARTH!

AT LAST... HIS  
SATANIC MAJESTY  
HAD RETURNED!

NEXT  
PROB

THE WHITE HOLE BYPASS!



Sam C Slade

# ROBO HUNTER

MY ROBOTS HOAGY AND STOGIE HAD TAKEN A POWDER - WITH 27 BILLION CREDITS OF MINE! AFTER MORE THAN 50 YEARS OUT OF THE GAME, I WAS BACK IN MY OLD HUNTING SKINS. THEY WERE GOING TO FIND OUT THERE WAS LIFE IN THE OLD DOG YET!

THAT'S RIGHT - A DEMENTED TIN FROG AND A ROBOT CIGAR. THEY'D HAVE FLOWN OUT IN THE LAST TWO, THREE DAYS.

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN 'EM? OKAY - THANKS.

I CHECKED ALL THE AIRLINES AND THE PORTS - AND DREW A BLANK. SO UNLESS THEY HAD PRIVATE TRANSPORT, THEY WERE STILL ON THE ISLAND. AND THEN IT HIT ME -

MY YACHT -

IF THEY'D TAKEN DUNHUNTIN, IT MIGHT BE WEEKS BEFORE I FOUND 'EM -

MORE TO THE POINT - WHY DID THEY TAKE IT? AND WHAT DO TWO ROBOTS WANT WITH 27 BILLION CREDITS ANYWAY?

ON TOP OF THAT, HOW DID THE HEADLESS HOODLUM HERE GET INVOLVED? WHAT'S HIS PART IN THIS CAN OF WORMS?



2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT ROBOT  
GRANT/GROVER  
ART ROBOT  
IAN GIBSON  
LETTERING ROBOT  
STARKINGS  
COMPU-73e



THE ROBOT HAD BEEN WAITING TO JUMP ME WHEN I CAME IN THE ROOM - BUT WHY? WHO SENT HIM?

ALL I HAD TO GO ON WAS THE MAKER'S NAME AND A SERIAL NUMBER -



I TRACED THE ROBOT FROM ITS MANUFACTURERS AS FAR AS A RETAIL OUTLET IN MANHATTAN. BUT THERE THE TRAIL RAN DEAD -

IT'S NO USE TAKING THAT TONE, MR SLADE! I REPEAT - WE CANNOT REVEAL DETAILS OF ANY OF OUR CUSTOMERS!



YOU BETTER START MAKIN' PLANS TO, PAL - 'COS I'M COMIN' UP THERE, AN' I'M MAD! GOT THAT? **MAD!**

HOAGY AND STOGIE HAD CLEANED ME OUT, BUT MY EMERGENCY STASH WAS STILL UNTOUCHED -



IT WAS ONLY 10 GRAND, BUT IT'D BE ENOUGH FOR MY PURPOSES. UNTIL HOAGY AND STOGIE HIT LAND, THE MANHATTAN CONNECTION WAS MY ONLY LEAD. I HAD TO FOLLOW IT UP -

NEXT STOP - NEW YORK!



I TOOK THE FIRST AVAILABLE SHUTTLE, AND A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER WE WERE COMING IN OVER MY OLD HOME TOWN -



WHERE CAN I TAKE YOU, OLD TIMER?

LESS OF THE 'OLD-TIMER'... OR YOU WON'T BE TAKIN' ME ANYWHERE!





IT'D BEEN 50 YEARS SINCE I'D BEEN ON MY OLD STAMPING GROUND. THINGS HAD CHANGED - THE HUMANS HAD REVOLTED AND THE ROBOTS WERE FIRMLY BACK IN THEIR PLACE -



BACK THEN, THE ROBOTS HAD BEEN IN FULL-SCALE REBELLION, FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM AND THE RIGHT TO VOTE - AND THROWING POOR SAPS LIKE ME OUTA WORK.



ONE THING HADN'T CHANGED, THOUGH - A NEW YORK CAB STILL COST AN ARM AND A LEG.

I CAN ALWAYS CALL A POLICEMAN, SIR, IF YOU'D PREFER NOT TO PAY.

300 CREDITS? YOU GOTTA BE JOKIN'!



WHAT? NO TIP?

GOOD MORNING, SIR. CAN I HELP YOU? LOOKING FOR A NEW ROBOT, PERHAPS?

I'M STILL LOOKIN' FOR THE OLD ONES, PAL!

THE NAME'S SLADE. I CALLED YESTERDAY.



AH YES! MR SLADE!

ANDRE!

JULES!

CLAP! CLAP!



MY BLASTER WAS OUT OF ITS  
HOLSTER BEFORE THEY TOOK  
ANOTHER STEP —

WOULD YOU  
KINDLY ESCORT  
MR SLADE FROM  
THE PREMISES?

CERTAINLY,  
GREAT  
FELLINI.

I DON'T THINK I  
MADE MYSELF CLEAR  
TO YOU, PAL. I'M NOT  
FOOLIN' AROUND! I  
WANT TO KNOW WHO  
YOU SOLD THAT  
ROBOT TO!

A-AND I'VE  
TOLD YOU —  
CUSTOMER  
INFORMATION IS  
CONFIDENTIAL!

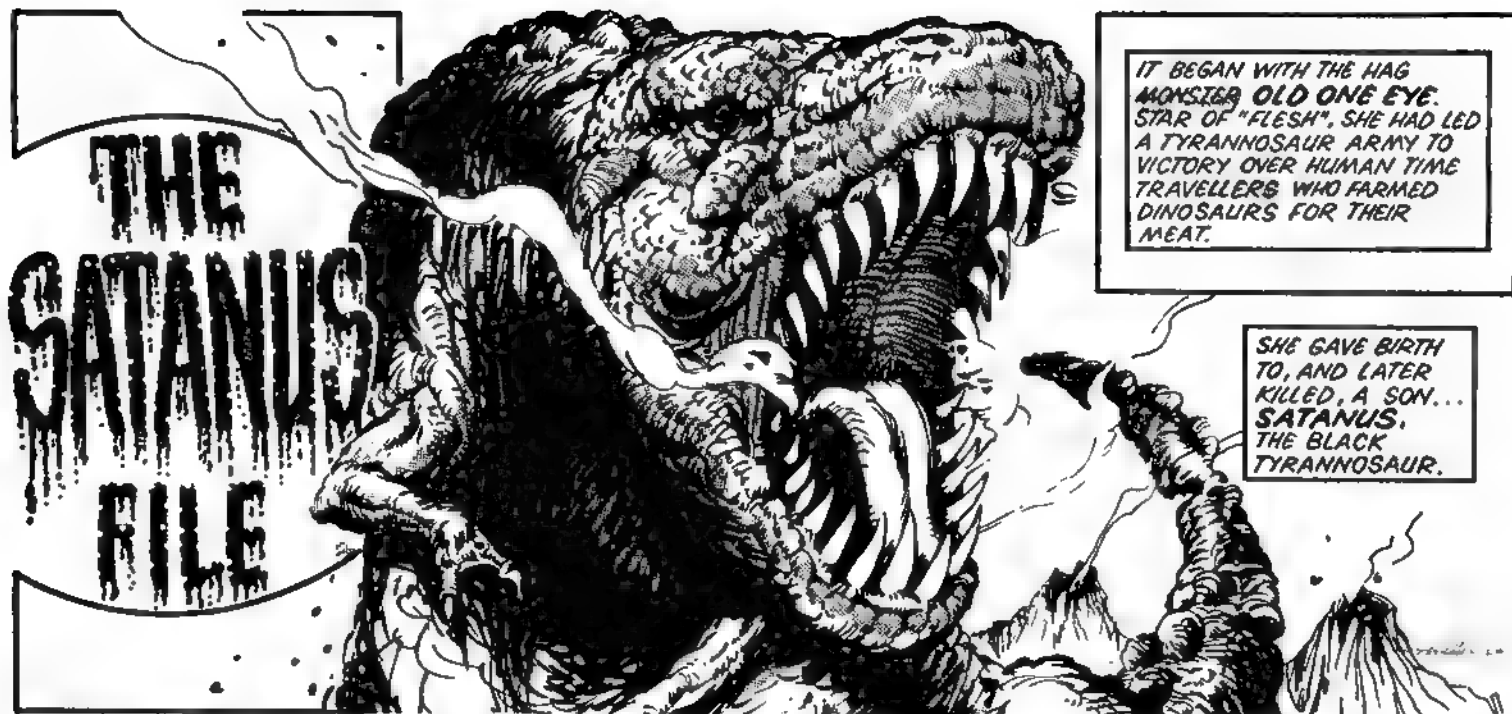
WHAT DO I HAVE  
TO DO TO GET  
THROUGH TO  
YOU, PAL?

HOW ABOUT  
THIS?

KKZZZZ!  
\$5,000.00







IT BEGAN WITH THE HAG  
MONSTER OLD ONE EYE.  
STAR OF "FLESH", SHE HAD LED  
A TYRANNOSAUR ARMY TO  
VICTORY OVER HUMAN TIME  
TRAVELLERS WHO FARMED  
DINOSAURS FOR THEIR  
MEAT.

SHE GAVE BIRTH  
TO, AND LATER  
KILLED, A SON...  
**SATANUS,**  
THE BLACK  
TYRANNOSAUR.



BUT, BY A CLONING  
PROCESS, HE WAS  
BROUGHT BACK TO  
LIFE IN THE 21st  
CENTURY - WHERE  
HE FOUGHT JUDGE  
DREDD IN THE  
CURSED EARTH...

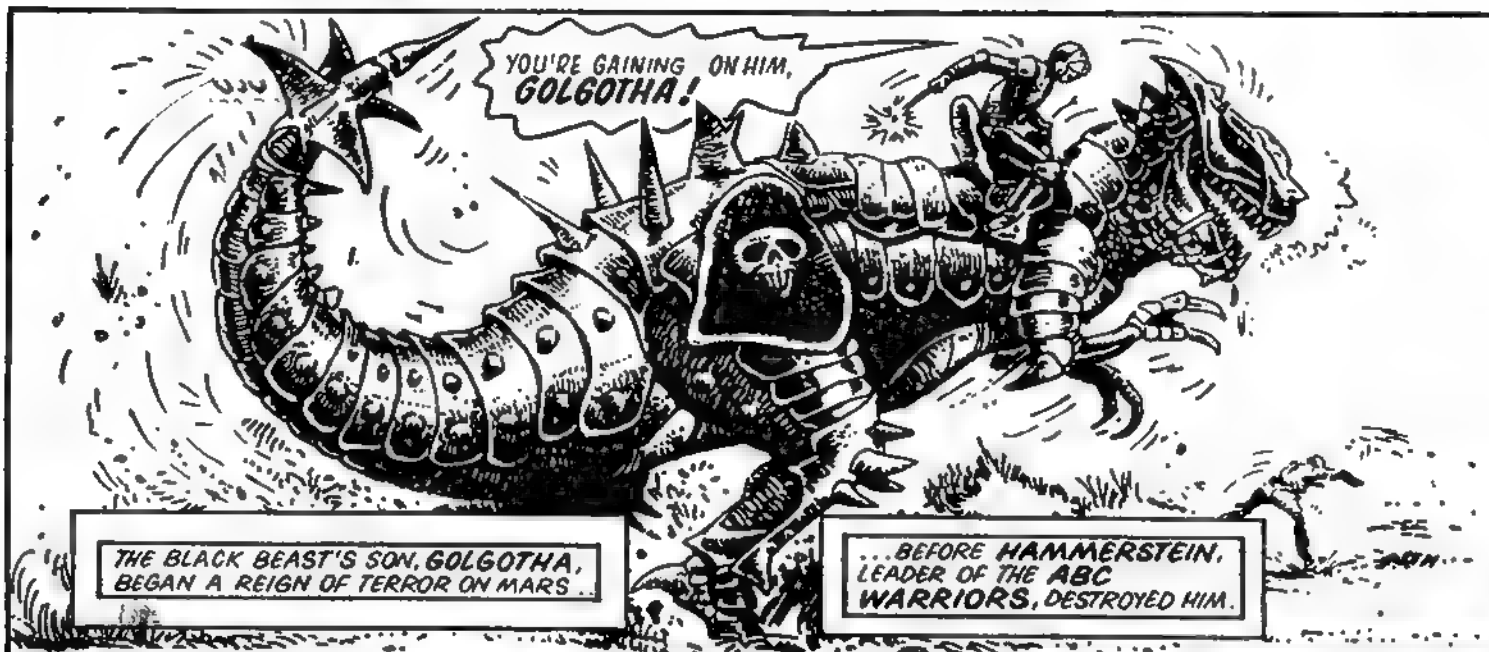
DREDD HAD  
FLAMETHROWERS  
TURNED ON IT.



GIVE IT -  
**WHITE  
HEAT!**

HE THOUGHT HE HAD KILLED SATANUS. BUT,  
UNKNOWN TO HIM, THE DINOSAUR ESCAPED  
BY CRASHING THROUGH THE FLOOR OF THE  
RUINED CHURCH INTO THE CRYPT BELOW.





AT THE END OF SATANUS' ADVENTURE  
IN THE CURSED EARTH, IT WAS FORE-  
TOLD THAT HE WOULD RETURN. THE  
AWFUL THING HE WAS GOING TO  
DO WOULD MAKE HIM EVEN GREATER  
THAN OLD ONE EYE.

NOW THE ONLY CREATURE TO  
OUTWIT JUDGE DREDD, THE  
SAVAGE SURVIVOR OF THE  
FLESH FAMILY, WAS READY  
TO FULFIL HIS DESTINY!



TOGETHER, HE AND THOTH  
WOULD BE EARTH'S  
GREATEST THREAT!

YES, THE WORLD HAD NOT SEEN THE  
LAST OF SATANUS THE UNCHAINED!

ART: OLD ONE EYE: RAMON SOLA. SATANUS: MIKE MCMAHON.  
GOLGOTHA: CARLOS EZQUERRA. SCRIPT: PAT MILLS



# JUDGE DREDD



HEY, DUMMIES! WANNA GET SMART? WANNA INCREASE YOUR BRAINPOWER? TRY OTTO SUMP'S NEW SMART SWEETS!

DIMBO PLANCK DID, AN' THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM...



WHY ARE YOU CRYING, DIMBO?

DUH... 'COS I'M SO STOOPID!



DRY THOSE TEARS, BOY! TRY THESE SMART SWEETS! THEY'RE NEW FROM OTTO SUMP!

CHOMP! CHOMP!

DUH... SURE TASTE GOOD, DAD!



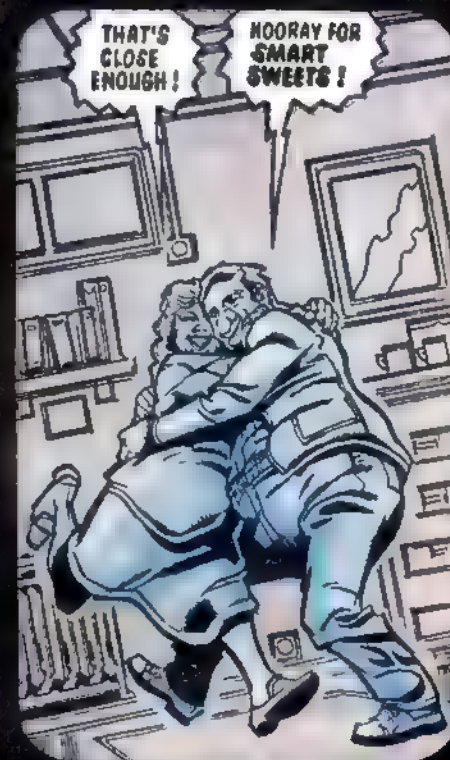
NEVER MIND THE GREAT TASTE, DIMBO - DO YOU FEEL ANY SMARTER?

ASK HIM A QUESTION, DAD!

OKAY! IF  $A^2 = B^2 + C^2$ , WHAT'S THE CUBE ROOT OF D-E?

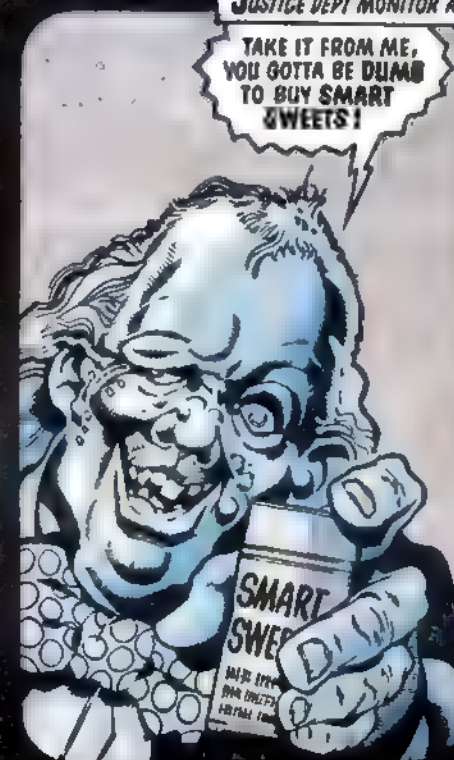


UHHH...WHAT'S FOR DINNER, MUM?



THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH!

MOORAY FOR SMART SWEETS!



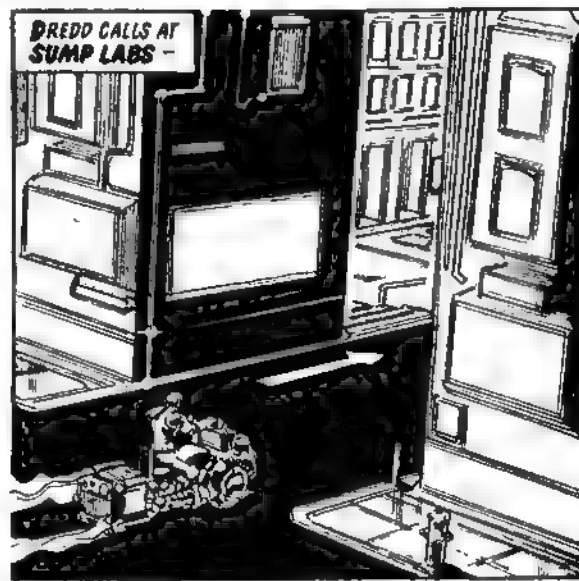
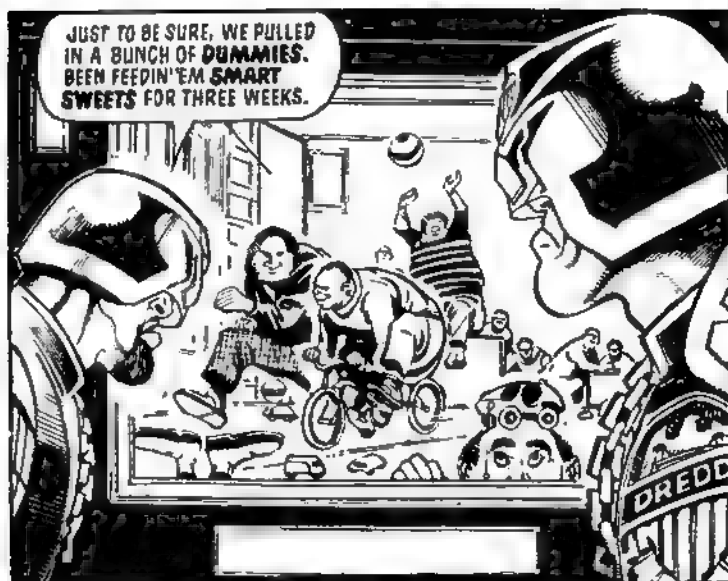
TAKE IT FROM ME, YOU GOTTA BE DUMB TO BUY SMART SWEETS!

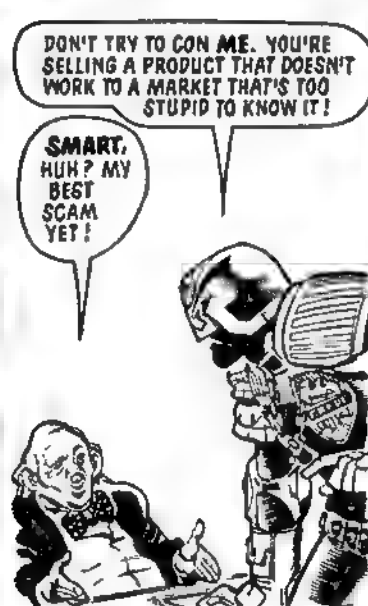


WE'VE HAD SMART SWEETS ANALYSED, DREDD. HARMLESS FLAVOURINGS IN A CELLULOSE BASE. NOTHING ILLEGAL - NOTHING THAT'LL MAKE YOU ANY SMARTER, EITHER.

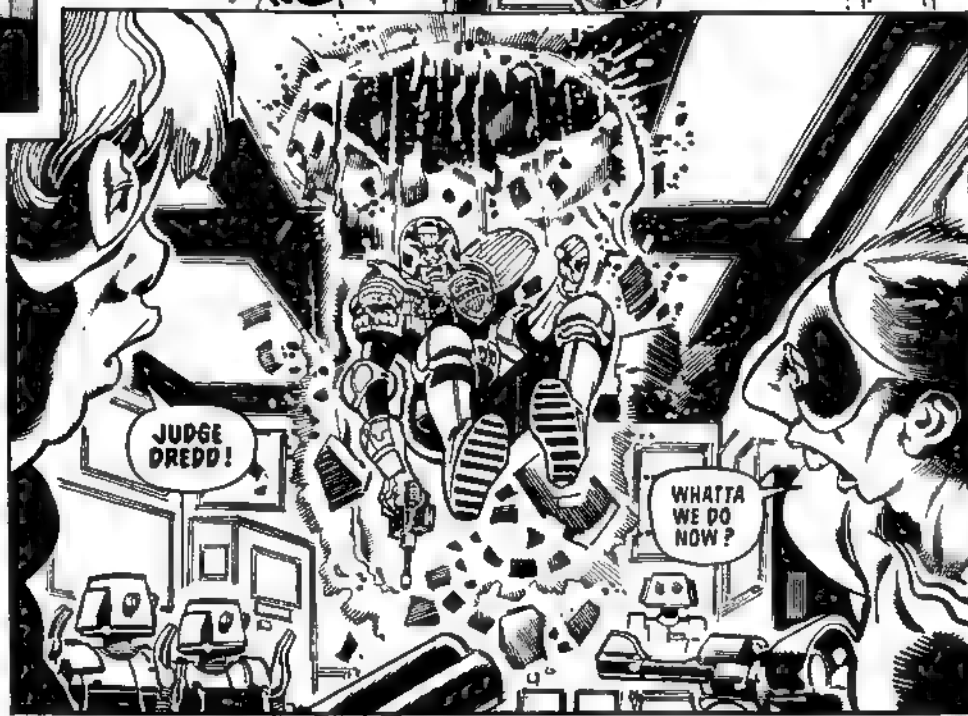
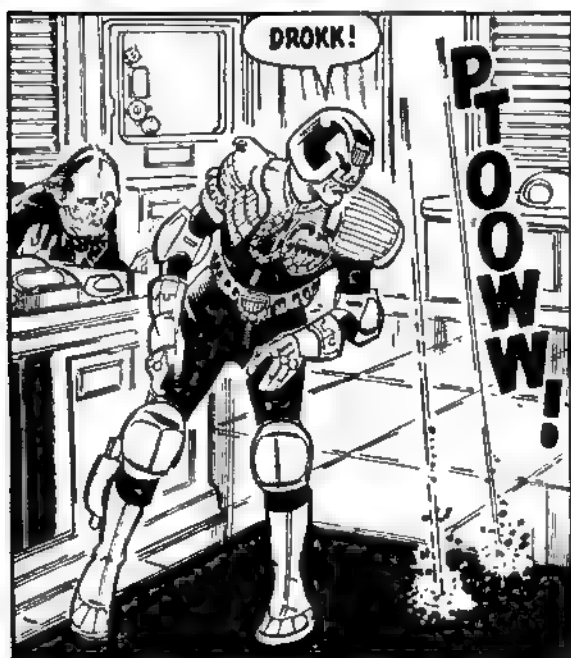
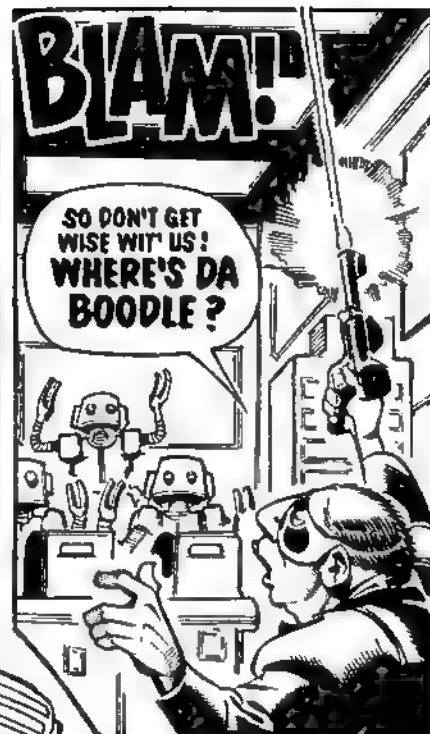






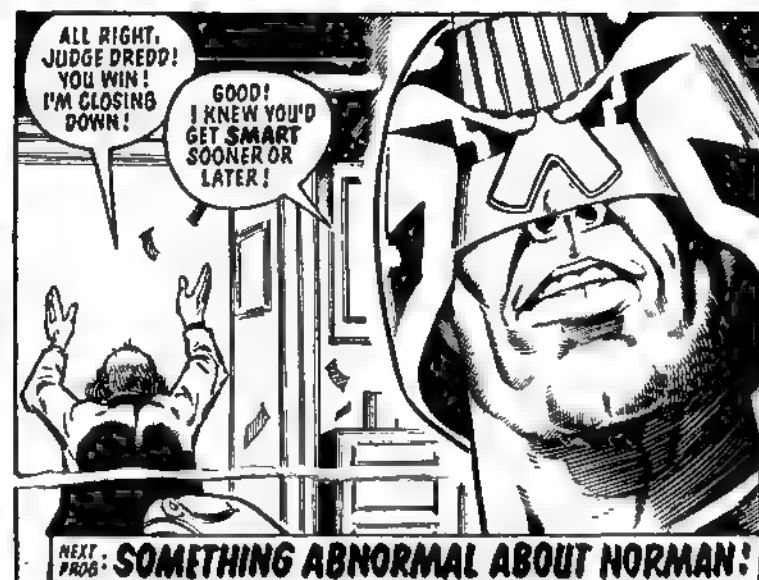








A SWIFT INTERROGATION  
ELICITS THE FACTS —





# PROJECT SALVATION!

IT CAME FROM DEEPEST SPACE... A GIANT COMET, AN ANGRY GLOBE OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION, RIPPING THROUGH THE UNIVERSE... HEADING FOR EARTH...

2000AD  
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT  
P. MILLER  
ART ROBOT  
J. HIGGINS  
LETTERING ROBOT  
S. POTTER

COMPU-73

THE PRESIDENT OF THE WORLD BEAMED AN EMERGENCY STATEMENT TO EVERY TEL-SCREEN ON THE PLANET...

PEOPLE OF EARTH! I ASSURE YOU THAT THE COMET WILL NOT, REPEAT, NOT DESTROY US!

BELIEVE ME, WE ARE ALL PERFECTLY SAFE!

THAT ROCKERBABY, POWERFUL INDUSTRIALIST, WAS SCORNFUL...

THE COMET WILL NOT HIT EARTH!

HA! YOU WOULD SAY THAT, WOULDN'T YOU?

SUDDENLY...

NEWS OF A SPACECRAFT COMPLEX IN THE DESERT, SIR! POLITICIANS ALL OVER THE PLACE...

IT'S CALLED PROJECT SALVATION!

SALVATION?

THE POLITICIANS ARE GETTING OFF-PLANET BEFORE THE COMET HITS...

AND THEY DON'T WANT ANYONE HITCHING A RIDE ON THEIR SPACE-SHIP!



BUT I'M NOT JUST ANYONE! I'M **THAT** **ROCKERSABY!**

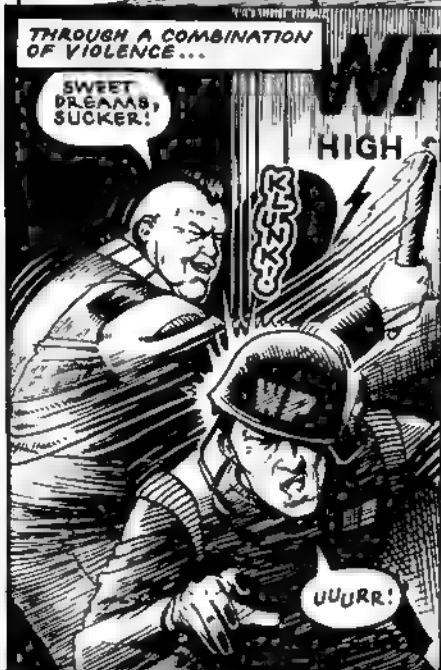
AND NO BUNCH OF FOOL POLITICIANS IS LEAVING ME ON A DOOMED PLANET!



LATER, IN THE DESERT...

ALL THE TOP PEOPLE ARE THERE. MUST BE NEAR TO BLAST-OFF...

WAIT FOR ME, PAL!



THROUGH A COMBINATION OF VIOLENCE...

SWEET DREAMS, SUCKER!

WA HIGH

KLNKY

UUURR!



... AND BRIBERY...

TEN BRAND YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ME, RIGHT?

I AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN', MISTER.



... **THAT** HIDES ON BOARD THE SHIP.

JUST IN TIME - SHE'S TAKING OFF!



GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL GO MEET MY FELLOW PASSENGERS!



BUT...

THERE'S NOBODY HERE! I'M ON MY OWN!

COMPUTER! WHERE IS EVERYONE?

WHAT YOU DOING HERE, MAN? THIS IS PROJECT SALVATION - AN UNMANNED FLIGHT!



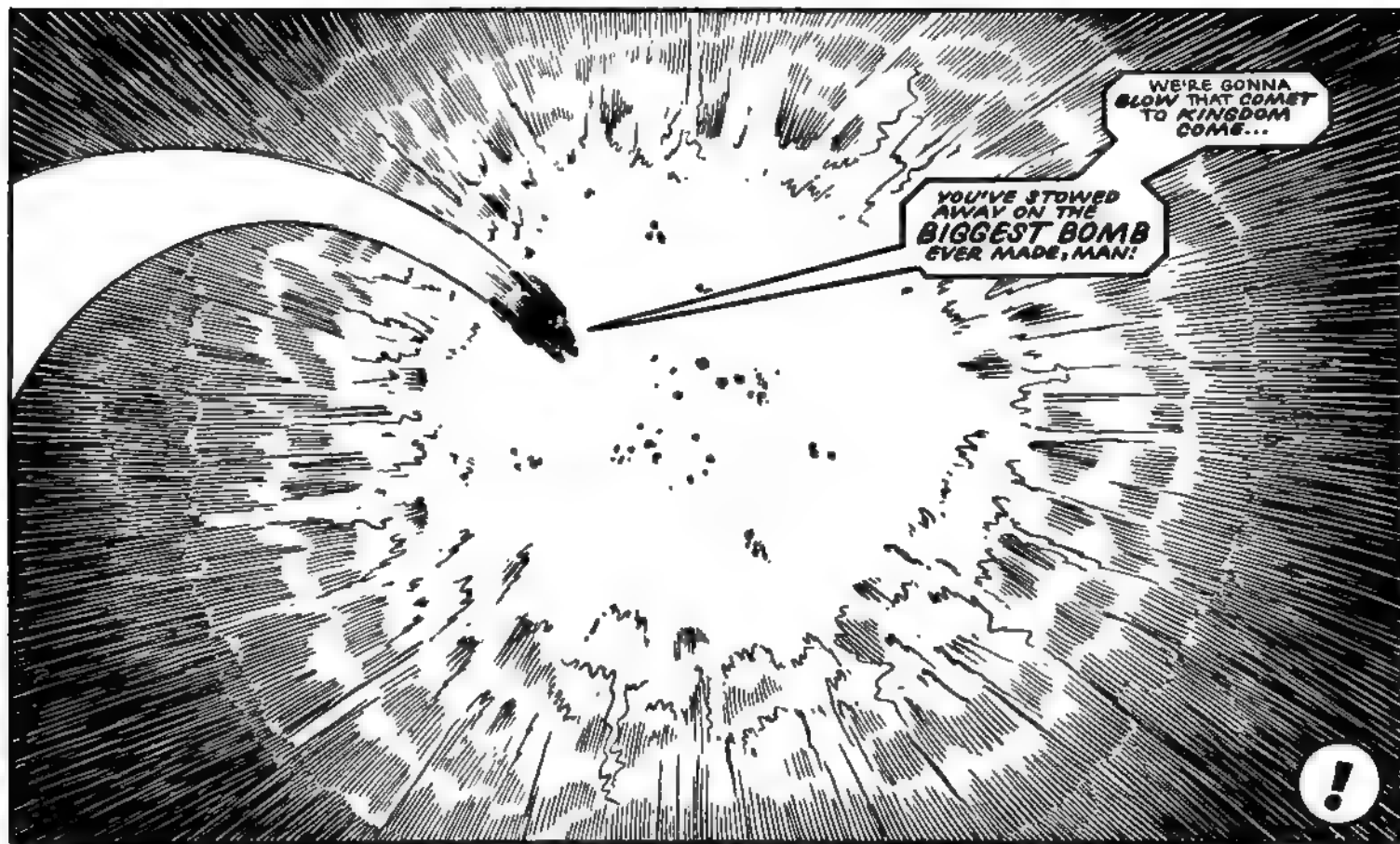
U-UNMANNED? NO! THIS IS THE **ESCAPE SHIP** - BEFORE THE COMET HITS EARTH!

THE COMET'S HEADIN' FOR EARTH, SURE, BUT IT AIN'T GONNA GET THERE! THIS AIN'T NO **ESCAPE SHIP**...



THIS IS THE **SALVATION OF ALL MANKIND!**





ADVERTISEMENT

## *Know then, O Prince....*

....that between the years when the oceans drank Atlantis and the years of the rise of the sons of Aryas, there was an age undreamed of, when shining kingdoms lay spread across the world like blue mantles beneath the stars. Hither came Conan the Cimmerian, black-haired, sullen-eyed, sword in hand. A thief, a reaver, a slayer to tread the jewelled thrones of the Earth beneath his sandled feet.

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# THE HISTORY OF JUSTICE

THE CURSED EARTH PROGS 61-85



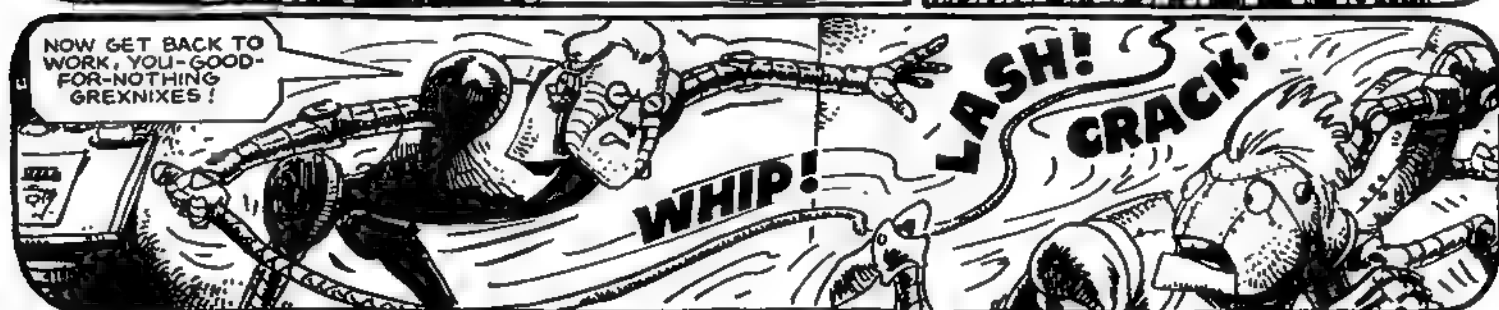
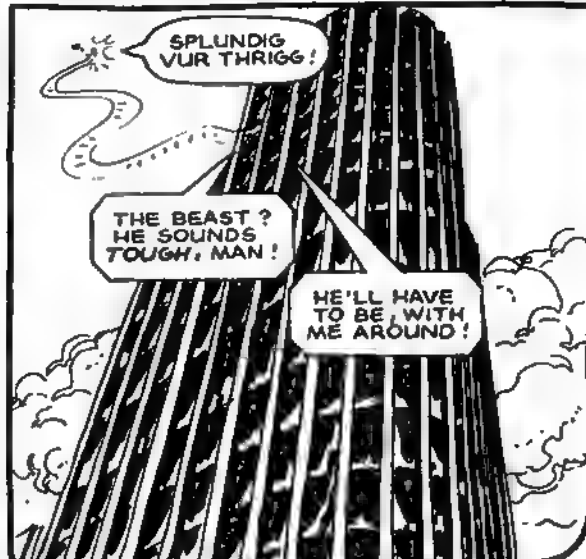
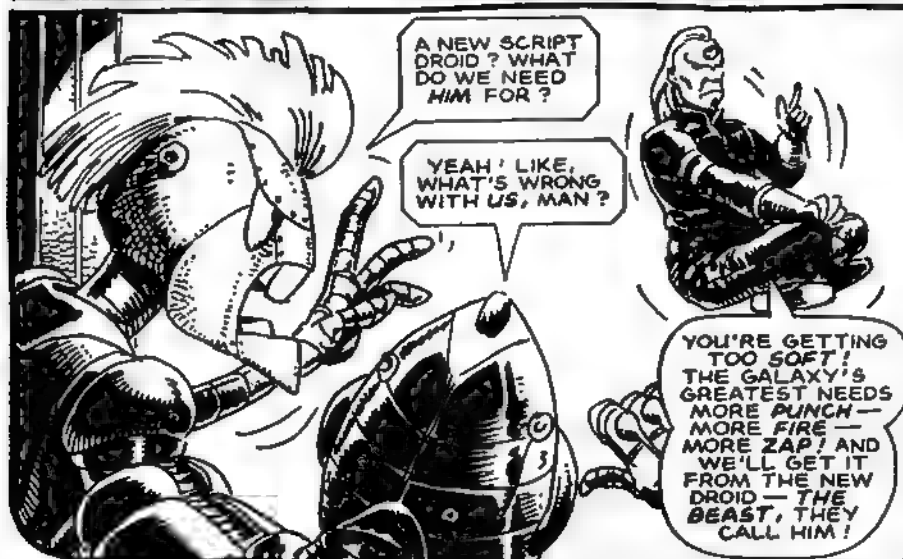


THARG  
THE MIGHTY  
IN

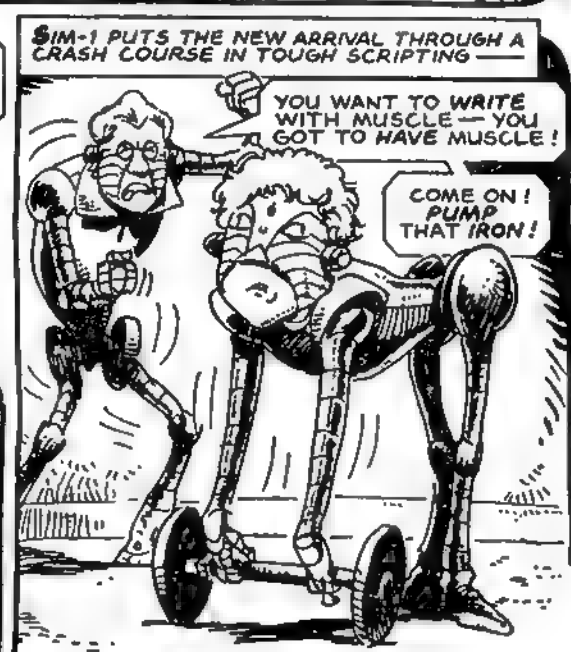
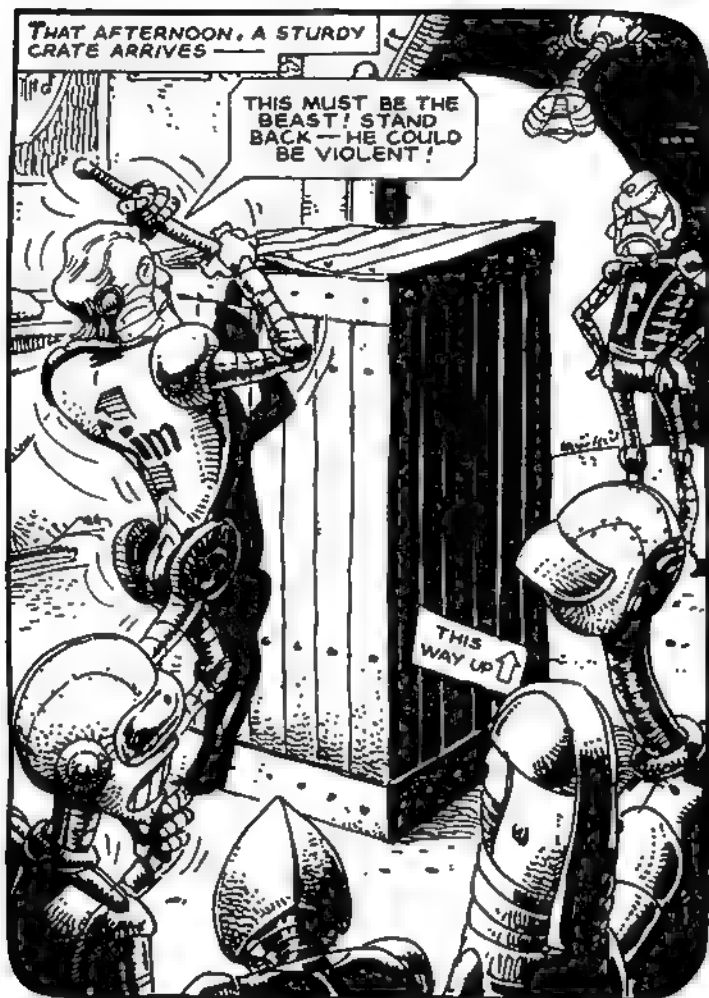
# ENTER THE BEAST

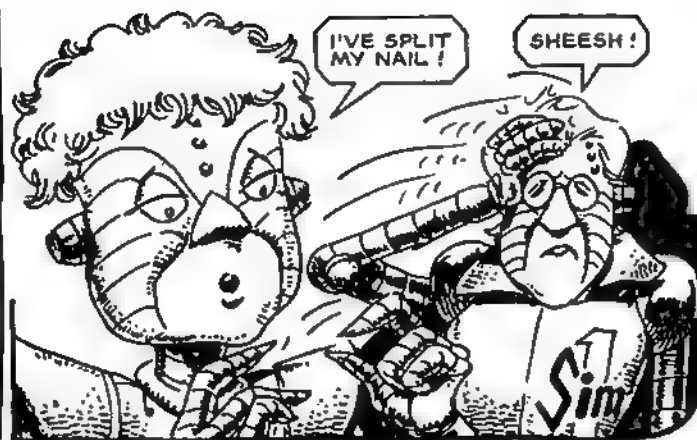
2000AD  
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SCRIPT: BOB OTT  
T.M.O.  
ART: ROBERT  
EZQUERRA  
LETTERING: BOB OTT  
ROBSON  
COMPU-73

THE MIGHTY THARG IS LEAVING ON THE ANNUAL GALACTIC COMIC CONVENTION TOUR —









THE DAYS GO BY WITH LITTLE IMPROVEMENT



OOH! YOU MUST BE **THARGY**!  
I'M SURE WE'RE GOING TO GET  
ON EVER SO WELL! HERE —  
I'VE BAKED YOU A CAKE!

SEE  
WHAT I  
MEAN,  
BOSS?

**GREXNIXES!** NO WONDER YOU COULDN'T  
MAKE ANYTHING OUT OF HIM — YOU'VE  
GOT THE **WRONG ROBOT!**

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN  
A MIX-UP IN DELIVERY.  
LOOK — THIS ONE'S MEANT  
FOR JACK AND JILL!

**NIGEL**  
SUB-EDITOR  
**JACK AND JILL**  
WEEKLY

**JACK  
AND  
JILL**

OUR **BEAST** IS PROBABLY  
UP THERE NOW! I JUST  
HOPE WE GET THERE  
BEFORE TOO MUCH  
DAMAGE IS DONE!

QUAEQUAM **BLAG!**  
WE'RE TOO LATE!

WHADDYAMEAN — **ANDY PANDY**  
DON'T USE A **BAZOOKA**? HOW  
THE SNECK ELSE IS HE GONNA  
ANNIHILATE THAT STOOPID BEAR?

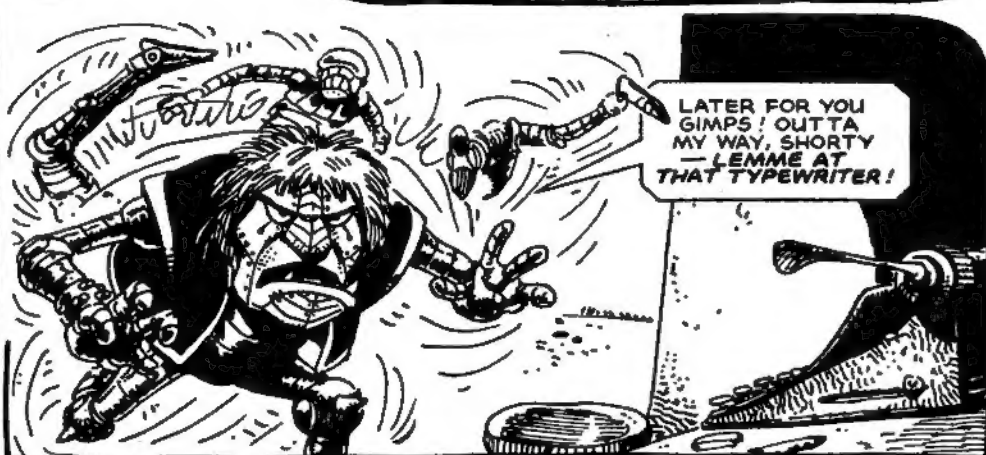
B-B-BUT, **NIGEL**...  
**ANDY PANDY**  
DOESN'T DO  
THINGS LIKE  
THAT!

HE  
DOES  
NOW!

AN' STOP CALLIN'  
ME **NIGEL**, YA  
PANTYWAIST! I'M  
MILTON "THE  
**BEAST**" **SHRIMPTON!**  
GEDDIT?

**CUP  
M  
P**





EXACTLY WHAT ATROCITIES HAVE SPRUNG FROM THE DEMENTED BRAIN OF MILTON "THE BEAST" SHRIMPSON? NAIL DOWN YOUR THRILL-CIRCUITS ... AND BE HERE NEXT PROG!

# YOUR FUTURE AWAITS YOU...

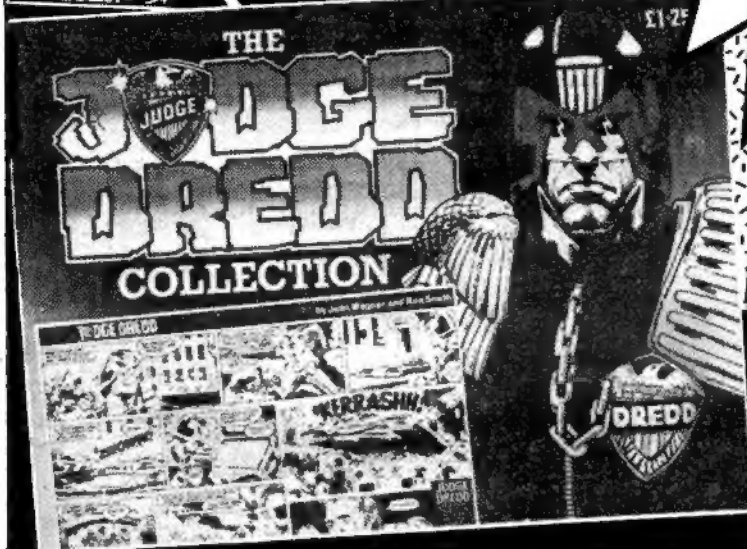
ON PATROL IN MEGA-CITY ONE—  
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TOUGHER! THE PICK OF  
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**THEY'RE OUT OF THIS WORLD!**



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# THE TRANSFORMERS™

## NEW INSECTICONS.

### FORMERS

#### ROBOTS IN DISGUISE



EVIL

DECEPTICON

NOW, THE EVIL DECEPTICONS HAVE CREATED ... THE INSECTICONS! A PLAGUE OF TERROR SENT TO DESTROY EARTH! ONLY THE HEROIC AUTOBOTS CAN STOP THEM... OR CAN THEY?

SHRAPNEL DOESN'T LIKE SCREAMS AND THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE - HE LOVES THEM.

KICKBACK IS CRUEL AND CLEVER. TRICKS PEOPLE INTO TRUSTING HIM, AND THEN ...

BOMBSHELL BRAINWASHES HIS VICTIMS AND CONTROLS THEIR MINDS.

LOOK OUT FOR THE EVIL INSECTICONS! THEY'RE IN THE SHOPS NOW!

